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No. 1.—OVERTURE.

No. 2.—Chorus.

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repented.

Like as a father pitieth his own children, even so is the Lord merciful to them that fear Him. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. (Luke xv. 10; Psalm ciii. 13; Rev. vii. 16, 17.)

No. 3.—Solo, Tenor.

A certain man had two sons; and the younger said unto his father: "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. For I know that there is no good but for a man to rejoice, and also that every man should eat and drink and enjoy the good of his labour." (Luke xv. 11, 12; Eccles. iii. 12, 13.)

No. 4.—Recitative and Aria, Bass.

My son, attend to my words, incline thine ear unto my sayings: Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the firstfruits of all thine increase.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and in all thy ways acknowledge Him; for the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. (Prov. iv. 18, 20; iii. 6, 9.)

No. 5.—Recitative, Soprano.

And the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. (Luke xv. 13.)

No. 6.—Solo (Tenor) and Chorus.

THE REVEL.

Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. Fetch wine, and we will fill ourselves with strong drink; and to-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant. Let us eat and drink. (Isaiah xxii. 13; lvi. 12.)

No. 7.—Recitative (Contralto) and Chorus.

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink, that continue until night till wine inflame them. And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of His hands.

The mirth of tabrets ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoice endeth; the joy of the harp ceaseth. (Isaiah v. 11, 12; xxiv. 8.)

No. 8.—Aria, Contralto.

Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world: for the world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever. (1 John ii. 17.)

No. 9.—Recitative, Soprano.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled himself with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him. (Luke xv. 14—16.)

No. 10.—Aria, Soprano.

O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.

Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die? (Isaiah xlvi. 18.)

No. 11.—Scena, Tenor.

How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants." (Luke xv. 17—19.)

No. 12.—Chorus.

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repented. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise. (Luke xv. 10; Ps. li. 17.)

No. 13.—Recitative (Soprano) and Duet.

And he arose and came to his father, but when he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him. (Luke xv. 20.)

Duet, Tenor and Bass.

Son. Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

Father. My son is yet alive! Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, and thou art yet alive. (Luke xv. 21; Gen. xlv. 28; xlvi. 30.)

No. 14.—Recitative and Aria, Bass.

Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and be merry. For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found. Like as a father pitieth his own children, even so is the Lord merciful to them that fear Him.

Blessed be God, who hath heard my prayer, and not turned His mercy from me. (Luke xv. 22; Psalm ciii. 13; lxvi. 18.)

No. 15.—Chorus.

That men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men.

Let them give thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed. They went astray in the wilderness out of the way: hungry and thirsty their soul fainted in them; yet when they cried unto the Lord in their trouble He delivered them out of their distress.

That men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men. (Psalm cxvii. 4—6, 8.)

No. 16.—Recitative and Aria, Tenor. (The Son.)

No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness: for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.

Come, ye children, and hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord. Lo, the poor crieth, and the Lord heareth him; yea, and saith him out of all his troubles. (Heb. xii. 11, 6; Psalm xxxiv. 6, 11.)

No. 17.—Quartet (unaccompanied).

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a contrite heart, and will save such as be of an humble spirit. Thus saith the Lord, I have seen his ways, and will heal him: I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him and to his mourners. (Psalm xxxiv. 18; Isaiah lvii. 18.)

No. 18.—Chorus.

Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer; thy Name is from everlasting. Hallelujah. Amen. (Isaiah lxvii. 16.)

OFFENBACH'S LAST.

(From a Correspondent.)

Monsieur and Madame Offenbach have issued invitations for the celebration of their silver wedding, the twenty-fifth year of their marriage, on the 14th of August, at Etretat. Their pretty Villa Orphée, on the sea-shore of Normandy, is to be rendered magnificent for the occasion. No one is to be admitted except in costume, and so, without doubt, the host will see all his *dramatis personæ* gather round him—Bluebeard and Madame de Gerolstein, Eurydice, Calchas, and as a *piquante* addition, the stranger whose reputation is fast spreading on the wings of Offenbach's music, the Princess de Trebizonde. On Saturday evening last she stepped into renown on the stage of the Baden Conversazione. Her success has restored the fortunes of that theatre, which had been singularly unfortunate in its production of new works, including Gounod's poor *Dove*, which fell dead on its first flight. Offenbach was at the leader's desk, and, vibrating with excitement, led the admirable orchestra of Baden with irresistible *entrain*. After each act (two only were performed, as an *avant-gout* of its representation here in September) a storm of bravos broke upon his head. It was said in the house, that, if Offenbach appears to posterity with Orphée in his right hand, he must have the Princess in his left.

The libretto runs thus:—"A baron, whose virtues and generosity are sung by all his peasants in chorus, is partaking of a splendid repast with his sister and daughter, and all three are so bored to death that at last they mutually confide their *ennui*. The baron is a mountebank who, through a lottery ticket once given him by a penniless spectator, has come into possession of a château, its dependencies, and the title of baron. But entire happiness is a fiction; the baron has kept his sprite near him as a factotum; this sprite is continually reminding him of the humility of his former position, and even dares to aspire to the hand of his patron's daughter. Suddenly in rushes a young man, who precipitates himself upon the baron, crying, 'Have you seen her?' 'Who?' says the baron. 'Her,' says the young man, and rushes off. Then in tears a professor, 'Have you seen her?' 'Who?' says the baron. 'Him,' and out goes the professor, and is succeeded by a nobleman who puts the same question, disappearing without an answer. The three comers are Prince Casimir, his son, and son's tutor. The young Prince has fallen in love at a fair with a mountebank's daughter, whom he has just recognized at a window of the château. Prince Casimir takes the lady for a waxen image, and consents to his son's marriage; the tutor loses his heart to the baron's sister; the sprite continues his court to the elder daughter; and the young prince still burns for the younger one. Profiting by the absence of Prince Casimir, each of the three couples resolves upon a little supper, and at midnight three doors open, and the three couples arrive stealthily to regale themselves upon three melons. General recognition, and they all sit down together; when in creeps the baron, who has got up in the night to don once more in secret his beloved tights and spangles. General discovery; but the scent of the three melons combined is too much for the baron, who, entirely mollified, consents to the three matches."

MEN OF PROGRESS IN FORMER TIMES.

1.—CONSTANZO FESTA.*

There have existed, at all periods, men who have been unable to declare themselves satisfied with the spirit of their time, and who have endeavoured to shake off the fetters which that spirit imposed upon them. Many do so with success, being lauded, in consequence, as reformers, and gaining reputation, honour, consideration, wealth, etc. But against those who were not successful in their venture, all the world, of course, rose up in arms, and the cry of "stone him" was the heretic's lot. It has however, happened, tolerably often, that the heretic has merely flung his ideas too soon into the world, and that, while he himself was ruined, the spark he lighted went on quietly burning, and extending all around, so that, after the lapse of a hundred years, or perhaps more, some one else had merely to fan it into a flame, and demolish the idols previously adored.

It is in art as in life; all development is based upon progress. Epoch is connected with epoch, not like an endless chain, on which one link hangs to the other, and every one can be taken off at pleasure, the remainder still forming a chain, though a shorter one. But just as a stone flung in the water produces a ring-shaped wave, around which a larger one is formed every instant, each ring also constituting the basis of the one that follows, and in which it is merged, so one epoch in art is the successor of another. Each one is a starting point for the next, a step on which the second is built up, and without which it is not conceivable. From its highest point it gradually goes back; foreign elements become mixed up with it; it degenerates. Then come attempts to strike out fresh paths, and then arise, as we have said, men who are praised as reformers, or condemned as heretics, according to circumstances. At first such reformers spring up modest and isolated, unconsciously, or without the courage to oppose a bold front to what already exists. Nay, the daring innovator even shrinks back from his own attempt, and returns with all speed into the well-trodden path of daily custom. But the opponents of the degenerate existing state of things increase in number, the antagonistic attempts become more frequent and more audacious, until, at length—to adopt the words of Franz Liszt,—"there arises a predominating genius, a dazzling spirit of flame, destined to wear a double crown of fire and gold," who breaks up the old temple, introduces into the foundation of his own the real, and consequently, imperishable materials gained by his predecessors, and then with a hardy hand rears upon this foundation a new edifice.

Constanzo Festa is not one of those daring men of progress, who break down all the bridges in their rear, and bear forward, with the certainty of victory, the banner of a new era. Neither is he one of those who, as the noble Knight of La Mancha, once upon a time, fought against windmills, fight prematurely against an overpowering current of the period, and break their head in so doing. He lived at a time which, having already entered upon the path of decay, certainly offered an opening for something better. The first half of the sixteenth century was completely filled up with the Netherlandish school of music. Just as, at certain epochs, only a born Frenchman can be a thoroughly good dancing-master, and only an Italian a distinguished singer, so the notion of a musician was then almost identical with that of a Netherlander, whose countrymen were the teachers of musical art throughout Europe. We have now neither time nor space to go into details on this head, and must, therefore, content ourselves with giving a sketch, as short as we can make it, of the state of confusion then existing in musical matters, in order that we may appreciate the possibility and the necessity for reformatory efforts.

By far the greater part of the Netherlandish school of music succumbed gradually but completely to contrapuntal subtleties. If a composition was full of the most abstract combinations, fugues, enigmatical canons, etc., it was beautiful, and the inventor a "divine" composer. No one cared about the words. This abuse of art was most rampant in the text of the holy liturgy. People no longer understood a syllable of it, and if, occasionally, a word stood out plainly, the meaning, at any rate, was still hidden, for the tricks of musical art crushed everything else. But composers went even a step further on this road of error; one voice, for instance, sang, as a foundation, a theme from the Gregorian melody, "Ave, Maria," while the other voices sang simultaneously the "Kyrie," "Gloria" and "Credo." The *ne plus ultra* in this style was accomplished by JASQUIN DE GRÈS, who wrote, among other things, a piece of music that was constructed entirely on a Gregorian melody, but in such a manner that one voice sang the "Ave, regina Cœlorum;" the second, "Regina Coeli;" the third, "Alma Redemptoris Mater," and the fourth, the "Inviolata," a combination which excited at the time the greatest admiration, and quickly found numerous imitators.—Nay, at the commencement of one piece, only the first word of the text was written, the task of supplying

the other words of the part being left, according to his taste and to the best of his judgment, entirely to the singer.

But there was another and much darker side to the matter. Already in the preceding centuries, a custom had crept in of improvising counterpoint to the plain chant. As the singers were also composers, and trained musicians, well acquainted with the rules of their art, this may have been, perhaps, supportable in simple things. But that such extemporized counterpoint soon degenerated into abuse is evident from a decree which Pope John XXII. issued from Avignon (1322). In this decree, he expressly prohibited the system, merely allowing the very simplest description of it on high festivals. Despite all papal prohibitions, however, improvised counterpoint continued in the most flourishing condition, and in the sixteenth century it actually exceeded all the limits of moderation and modesty; people were no longer satisfied with thus ornamenting ordinary slow vocal compositions, but, even in figural music, they placed melody on melody, a process which naturally produced a most fearful conglomeration.—Now let the reader remember that, in addition to all this, there were instruments, the performers on which, of course, went on in the same fashion. Things attained such a pitch that it was no longer considered necessary to write out the parts for the performers; a single copy of the principal part in the composition to be performed was quite enough, and players and singers indulged in whatever vagaries they chose. Were there not so many proofs of this, we should not believe such absurdities could have been possible.

That anything like understanding what was played, or perceiving aught like melody in it, was out of the question is a fact which does not require demonstration, and we can perfectly understand a contemporary's writing: "Musicians of the present day place their whole felicity in binding the singers to the fugue, and, while one sings the 'Sanctus,' in making another scream out the 'Sabbath,' and another the 'Gloria tua,' with such an amount of howling, bellowing, and gurgling, that they resemble a number of cats in the month of January rather than aught else."—Even stronger was the reply of a cardinal to Pope Nicholas V., when the latter enquired how the music and singers of the Papal chapel had pleased him: "It seemed as if I was listening to a drove of pigs, who were grunting with all their might and main without producing an articulate sound or a single word."

The person who rescued music from this sad condition was, as we know, Palestrina. It was he who, not suffering himself to be led astray by any of his opponents, introduced a change and created a new era. But his new ways were by no means his own invention; as is the case with every great reformer, others had preceded him. Here and there a composer had striven to hold himself aloof from all the unrefreshing artificiality around him; but the time had not arrived when any could swim successfully against the stream; it was necessary that the abuse should reach its highest pitch, that it should show itself in all its emptiness. This epoch fell on the first part of the sixteenth century, and the flights of Constanzo Festa were altogether well-timed.

When young Palestrina came to Rome (1540), Festa, then already an old man, was almost the only native composer, and, strange enough, it was precisely this solitary Italian who produced works, with the materials from which the great reformer who succeeded him could continue the edifice. The simple style which Festa cultivated afforded him opportunities for writing many important compositions. Several of his motets, as well as his celebrated "Te Deum," possess both merit and beauty; Italian writers and Burney are full of his praises. He had the stuff, therefore, but not the strength, to make a reformer; his genius went lame in the midst of its flight, as is most apparent in his "Te Deum." This is still sung at the election of the Pope, and at the presentation of the hat to a newly created Cardinal, as, also, on the festival of Corpus Christi, when the procession enters the principal church of the Vatican. But, ever since the middle of the last century, it has been reduced a half, for its noble grandeur soon grows flat, and towards the end is completely lost, so that, from the "Tu, ergo" another composition is now adopted. Numerous as are the manuscript compositions of Festa's at Rome, there is not a single one grandly carried out to a termination; in all of them, therefore, it is evident that he always had the desire to introduce such new things as he knew to be right, but that he wanted energy to hold on to them; that he wanted the reformer's courage and powers of endurance, to burst the fetters which were such great obstacles to the fancy. No man can serve two masters. He cannot, on the one hand, break off with the old one, and yet, on the other, keep nodding, and winking, and making concessions to him.

In his reformatory flights, however, Festa bequeathed his great successor a capital that cannot be valued too highly. When Palestrina entered upon his functions as chapellmaster of the principal church of the Lateran (1555) he set himself about studying, with the greatest zeal, the works of Constanzo Festa, works so totally different from what he

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

had hitherto learnt and written as a disciple of the Netherlandish school of music. This opened his eyes to the good qualities of the Netherlanders, but still more to their shortcomings and weaknesses, and, when he had once recognized what was right, nothing could prevent him from proceeding farther on the road on which he had entered, unmoved by the clamour of his opponents, who would not and could not leave the old one.

Constanzo Festa did not live to see the triumph of that music which had unconsciously seized on him in certain hours of inspiration, for he died as far back as the 10th April, 1545, and is buried in the church of St. Maria in Transpontino.

(To be continued.)

THE STREET MUSIC NUISANCE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR.—I have discovered how to cure a square of German bands; and the process is as simple as its effect is agreeable.

From long study of the subject of German bands, I have arrived at the knowledge of the fact that the quiet streets and squares of London are periodically apportioned to and held on lease by separate gangs of those terrible inflictions: two bands often dividing the lease of one square, taking different days in the week; and, in very well paying streets, where abstruse calculations or delicate scientific experiments are known to be constantly carried on, three bands will very often share the agreement, sometimes taking in an organ-grinder as junior partner. But Salisbury Square, being an old-fashioned sort of place, and never having been celebrated for much promiscuous almsgiving, has invariably been handed over to one band only, youthful in their appearance, pertinacious in their demands, and inexpressibly hideous in their discord. They have been loudly promised severe chastisement by stalwart porters, but they have affected ignorance of the English language. They have been constantly threatened with "policeman," but they always knew better than that.

So one morning, a few weeks ago, just as their concert had begun, I sent a civil message to the trombone, who was also the treasurer, begging him to favour me with a few minutes' conversation. He came, with a half-frightened, sheepish sort of manner; but he quickly recovered when I told him that I only wanted to know the lowest terms per week the band would take for keeping away from the square altogether. He requested me to name a price, and I thought I should never get off under three or four shillings a week; but, prudence suggesting that I should commence with a mild bid, I offered sixpence a week. To my surprise and delight, trombone accepted the offer, and pocketing the first sixpence in advance, he politely bowed himself out and joined his friends, who had just finished "Ten Little Niggers." There was discord of another sort in that band of minstrels when trombone told them the agreement he had made; and, as I watched him from the window, I saw he was so bullied for his want of financial ability that I felt half inclined to go out and say I would make it a shilling. But the band nobly stuck to the agreement, nevertheless, and sulkily walked off there and then. And every week, on each succeeding Monday, trombone calls for his sixpence, while his companions wait somewhere round the corner, unseen, unheard. And the square is tranquil.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Salisbury Hotel, Salisbury Square.

W. H. L.

With reference to the above the following letter appeared in the *Daily News* of Thursday last:—

SIR.—At a meeting of the Vestry of St. Anne's, Westminster, held last Thursday evening, it was unanimously resolved "that the clerk be instructed to write to Colonel Henderson and call his attention to the great and increasing nuisance of street musicians, and urge upon him (Colonel Henderson) the great necessity for something to be done to put a stop to all street music after the hour of 10 p.m." May I earnestly solicit your valuable aid in putting a restriction upon what has become an intolerable and insupportable nuisance. In many localities it is perfectly useless to attempt to get any rest till after midnight. I would also plead on behalf of the men and boys employed in this profession. I know for a fact that these poor fellows are started off soon after 6 o'clock in the morning, and are not allowed to return till after 12 at night. They are thus employed for 18 hours a day, either grinding organs or blowing trumpets, besides walking many miles, not for their own profit, but for the aggrandizement of the men who induce these poor fellows to come over to this country upon false representations.—I am, &c.,

"423, Oxford Street, Aug. 9.

A CONSTANT READER."

AFTER a brief account of certain "symposia" (as he calls them), held some time since at Berlin, a "special correspondent" called attention to the execrable taste shown by the Prussians in caricaturing Marshal Benedek on the stage. "Such exhibitions" (he remarked) "are needless of comment, and I am afraid the populace of the Prussian capital have not learned to practise the salutary adage of *Vae Victis*." We are afraid this writer had not learned to practise the salutary rule of not employing words of which the meaning was unknown to him.

MR. ALBERTO LAWRENCE.

This gentleman has arrived in London from Italy, *en route* for New York, to join, as principal baritone, the *troupe* of Madame Parepa-Rosa. On the occasion of his leaving Italy, the Milan *Gazetta dei Teatri* thus noticed Mr. Lawrence's career:—

"The baritone, Alberto Lawrence, we announced some short time back as having signed a contract to sing in America. We now confirm the news. He leaves this week to join the company of Parepa-Rosa, whose brilliant successes on the other side of the Atlantic are well known. The baritone, Lawrence, visited Milan for the first time about twelve years back. He arrived from his native land with a noble voice, and rich in the knowledge of music, having thoroughly studied the sacred oratorios of Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, &c. Arrived amongst us, he necessarily dedicated himself to Italian singing, selecting for his master Signor Prati, the professor of our Royal Conservatory, of whom he can with good right boast himself to be a pupil. After two years of study, he made his *début* at La Scala, singing the part of the elder Germont in *La Traviata* with the most splendid success. He also gained a new triumph in the important rôle of Charles V., in *Ervanni*. We next find him at Lodi where the Marquis of Sommariva, director of the theatre, wrote to us the most flattering eulogiums of the young artist's success. He was afterwards engaged for the city of the Sultan, where his success was immense; and then visited France and Spain, finally returning to England, where he sang at Covent Garden in English opera, so as to make the public voice unanimous in his praise. In the rôle of Luke, in Macfarren's *Hevellyn*, and as Nelusko in the *Africaine*, the English journals spoke of the 'admirable' baritone and his real creation of the two above-named parts. Returning from his English triumph he sang in the *Africaine* on its first production at Turin, with the *cantatrice*, Ferni, and Signori Galli and Capponi. His genius and talent secured him the sympathies of the Turin audience—one of the most critical in Italy. He next appeared at Messina, where his triumphs were equally great, and his success most decided. Besides encores and bouquets, Lawrence had presents, amongst which were a purse of Napoleons, with photographs, gold rings, &c.—nothing was wanting, and the whole of the season was for the English baritone a continued festival. He was then engaged for *Undine* and *Trevi*, where his performance of *Macbeth* in Verdi's opera gave immense satisfaction. Dotti, one of the most distinguished professors in Italy, wrote as follows: 'Lawrence has a fine and melodious voice, with a profound sentiment for the beautiful in his art. I am fully persuaded his career will be a splendid one.' The music director, Bonazzo, who heard him at Treviso, states that 'Signor Lawrence (in *Macbeth*) is a true artist, with most exquisite feeling; he sings with the energy and sentiment resulting from a good school, and a scrupulous study of the meaning of the words, and all that has a bearing on the art represented.' Here we stop. We have wished briefly to trace the career of Signor Lawrence, to the point of his leaving for America, not only with our most good wishes but with all the honours due to his fine genius, and to his great perseverance."

THE last performances of Mr. Barry Sullivan's first season took place on Saturday night, when *The School for Scandal* was presented to a crowded and most enthusiastic assembly. We rejoice to hear that Mr. Sullivan's experiment has been a brilliant success; and we cordially congratulate him on having given the best possible pledges of a most honourable career as the guardian and interpreter of the classical and legitimate national drama. The recess will be a brief one.

MADAME JULIA BAUM gave a concert at her own residence, 65, Talbot Road, on Thursday, July 29th. The programme was very interesting and some of our most popular artists appeared, including Mdlle. Liebhart (encored in both her songs), Miss Blanche Reeves, Marie Stocken, Herr C. Stephan, Mr. Stanton, vocalists: Miss Skiva, Herr Schrattenholz, Signor Tito Mattei, Signor Riesegari, Herr Schubert (director Schubert Society), instrumentalists; Mr. Ganz conducted. Madame Baum herself contributed some songs, and possesses a fine contralto voice, which she thoroughly knows how to use. The rooms were well attended by a fashionable and appreciative audience, and the concert was a success.

BRESLAU.—The new theatre was opened on the 1st inst.

NEW YORK.—On the 20th June, the firm of Steinway & Sons celebrated the completion of their twenty-thousandth piano.

DRESDEN.—Boieldieu's ever-fresh *Dame Blanche* was performed lately at the Royal Operahouse for the hundredth time. Herr Nachbauer, from Munich, has been playing a short engagement with great success. He created a highly favourable impression as Walther in *Die Meistersinger*.

BADEN.—At a concert recently given in aid of the funds of the Protestant Church here, Mdlle. Fehrmund and Mdlle. Brandt, two fair pupils of Mad. Viardot-Garcia, especially distinguished themselves. Mdlle. Brandt, already favourably known as a member of the Company at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, was much applauded in the *Fides* air from *Le Prophète*.—The performances of the Bouffes Parisiens are extremely successful. Offenbach's new two-act opera, *La Princesse de Trébizonde* has proved a decided hit.

COMFORTABLE SAMARITAN FOREIGNERS.

A Monsieur le President du Royal Dramatic College.

MONSIEUR LE PRESIDENT,—J'eprouve un tres-grand regret de ne pouvoir concourir à la fête donnée aujourd'hui au Crystal Palace; mais l'accident dont j'ai failli être victime, à l'un des dernières représentations d'*Orphée aux Enfers*, a un peu ébranlé ma santé, et mon médecin m'ordonne le plus grand repos possible. La fidélité que decis à l'engagement contracté avec mon directeur, M. Raphael Felix, et la respectueuse et profonde reconnaissance que m'a inspirée l'accueil toujours si bienveillant du public de Londres ont pu, seuls, m'empêcher d'interrompre mon service. Veuillez, Monsieur, agréer mes humbles excuses, et accepter, pour l'œuvre de bienfaisance que vous présidez, la modeste offrande (£12) que ja me permets de vous adresser.—Recevez, Monsieur le Président, l'assurance de ma considération la plus distinguée.

Londres, 24 Juillet, 1869.

H. SCHNEIDER, Londres

A Monsieur le President, &c.

MONSIEUR LE PRESIDENT.—Avec mes vœux pour la prospérité de votre grande œuvre de bienfaisance, voulez-vous bien accepter mon obolo [£20]. Je saisais cette occasion pour vous prier de remercier en mon nom et aux nom des artistes Français tous nos camarades d'Angleterre, pour l'accueil gracieux et sympathique dont nous sommes l'objet de leur part depuis trois années. Maintenant que le petit théâtre Français est citoyen de Londres laissez nous espérer que cette excellente et bonne fraternité restera toujours la même, et que dans un avenir prochain nous pourrons, peut-être réunis dans une même pensée à Londres et à Paris, nos efforts communs afin d'offrir au public d'Angleterre et de France deux fêtes nationales, deux fêtes fraternelles, qui viendront puissamment en aide à nos deux grandes et belles institutions. Recevez, Monsieur le Président, l'assurance de mes meilleures sentiments.

23 Juillet, 1869.

RAPHAEL FELIX.

ENGLISH OPERA AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(From the "Queen.")

It was a happy thought to give English operatic performances at the Crystal Palace, and is another step towards the fulfilment of the mission which the art establishment at Sydenham is pre-eminently destined to carry out. Unless similar opportunities should arise, native singers will become totally destitute of stage experience, all recent attempts at revival of English opera having proved lamentably disastrous in a financial point of view. It is therefore not surprising that theatrical managers decline to risk more fortunes in the cause. Neither is there any sense in condemning the present popular taste, so unmistakably displayed in favour of foreign operatic speculations. People have a right to go where the greatest perfection of *ensemble* may be enjoyed, at the price of indifferently mounted establishments. The lesson has yet to be learned that a purely English opera company cannot, in the existing state of things, prove a successful enterprise, however willing the public may be to lend their support. The Italian opera, so called, is not exclusively Italian. In fact, critics tell us that an opera company composed entirely of Italian singers would be scarcely more pleasing than an exclusively English company would be. The claim to the title, "Italian," rests chiefly on the language in which the operas are sung. As for the vocalists, art is cosmopolitan, and the civilized world is ransacked to assemble together from all parts the choicest singers, of whatever country they may be native. Thus, at Covent Garden at this present season almost every capital of Europe is represented, including Madame Adelina Patti, of former American renown, and Mr. Santley, an Englishman, inferior to none. What is especially wanted to create English operatic vocalists of note is a school and a stage. Until these *desiderata* are obtained, native vocalists will be few and far between. The experience derived from frequently singing before an audience makes the artist; and in England these opportunities are rarer than in any other country. Consequently, only those English singers attain notoriety who have been able to finish their professional studies by the actual practice of their art before the footlights. Every year it is becoming more and more difficult for a *débutante* to acquire this knowledge in England, still less to win toleration for defects which constant representation can alone remedy. The mysterious sympathy which is established between a successful performer and his audience is the result of familiar acquaintance and the frequent exercise of mutual influence. Upon this account all well-wishers of native talent watch, with interest, the attempt made at Sydenham to rank operatic performances by an English company amongst the attractions of the Crystal Palace. The attempt must have occasioned some misgivings, and it is all the more creditable that the company was induced to try the experiment at all. The result, however, is beyond doubt unsuccessful. The reserved seats are all taken, and every unreserved seat is filled fully one hour before the time appointed for the curtain to rise. People seem content to sit patiently during that time, doing nothing but think of the pleasure in store. When to this it is added that the hearing of the opera is included in the charge for admission to the Palace, the most remarkable fact will have been mentioned. The "splendid shilling" was never better spent on pleasure.

It would be interesting to know how many amongst the number would attend any performance of a dramatic character within the walls of a theatre. By many right-minded persons frequenting playhouses is as scrupulously shunned as any other notoriously vicious habit. The same objections do not appear to exist with regard to other places of amusement where theatrical sketches are given. Entertainments by actors, readings in costume, operettas at the Gallery of Illustration, and the like, do not generally come within the bounds of the interdict; and it would seem that the series of operas now in course of representation at Sydenham enjoys the same immunity. In truth, it would be difficult for the strictest propriety to take offence at the manner in which the operas are put on the stage. In the first place, the selection of

operas is judicious, and consists of music most commonly sung by every amateur. If there be no harm in mothers and daughters singing the arias and duets from the self-same operas at home, there cannot be any harm, one would imagine, in listening to the identical compositions accompanied by appropriate action.

THE COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.

The annual dinner of the members and friends of this College was held in the Rainbow Tavern, Fleet Street, on Thursday, the 22nd ult., Robert Miller, Esq., in the chair. Among the members present were Messrs. W. Baumer, H. T. Belcher, Mus. Bac. (Birmingham), J. Berrow, A. S. Cooper, J. Crompton, J. George, A. King, R. Limpus, Charles E. Noverre (Norwich), R. Lindley Nunn, Mus. Bac. (Ipswich), T. M. Purday, J. Shoubridge, W. V. Southgate, Dr. Steggall, Charles E. Stephens, A. J. Sutton (Edgbaston), R. J. Wilmott, &c. The usual loyal toasts having been given, the chairman proposed "The Church of England," which was responded to by the Rev. H. G. Hayden, who concluded by offering an annual prize to the College for the best psalm tune, the conditions to be left to the arrangement of the council. After proposing the healths of the President of the College (the Archbishop of Canterbury) and the Vice-President (the Bishop of London), the chairman gave the toast of "The College of Organist's" remarking that it was in a most flourishing condition, it had secured a larger building in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, and that the council hoped before long to obtain for it a Royal charter. Mr. Richard Limpus (the honorary secretary and treasurer), who was very warmly received, replied. The concluding toasts were "The Council of the College," "The Prize Donors of the College" (coupled with the name of the chairman, who in this respect as in others has proved himself a warm friend to the institution), and "The Press," Mr. Charles Mackeson responding. The proceedings were much enlivened by the excellent singing of Mrs. Limpus, Mrs. Wilmott, and Messrs. Donald, King, Fielding, Hubbard, and Everson, whose performances included two songs by Mr. C. E. Stephens and Mr. Limpus, which were very heartily applauded. In responding for "The Ladies" Mr. Wilmott made some admirable remarks on the need of greater social intercourse among organists, and expressed a hope that the rooms of the College in Queen Square might be utilized on stated evenings for this purpose. Mr. Mackeson commented in somewhat severe terms on the conduct of those writers whom he described as the "Grenville Murrarys of the musical press," who, after supporting the College as long as it suited their purpose, suddenly turned round and abused it and its chief officers, in language which merited the same contempt universally accorded to the grossly unfair attacks made on well-known men in one of the weekly papers. These strictures on the course adopted towards the College in a certain quarter, were received with loud applause, and the speaker's declaration that "truth" should be the standard aimed at by the musical journalist as well as by his *confrères* in the daily press, was also received as it deserved to be.—*Choir and Musical Record.*

[We echo the applause of the dining organists. As regards Mr. Mackeson's observations no severity could be too severe when the musical *Queen's Messenger* is concerned.—ED. M. W.]

MILAN.—Two sculptors, Signor Corti and Signor Magni, have offered to execute a statue of Rossini for 5000 lire, which is all the committee have been able to collect. The statue is to be placed in the vestibule of the Scala. Signor Magui is the artist who has been selected.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

(From the "Sunday Times," August 8).

We give special prominence to the revival of *Acis and Galatea* at the Princess's because it deserves special encouragement and support. The reasons why are close at hand. In the first place we have not too many such serious efforts in the direction of the classical. How Italian opera moved towards another point of the compass all last season is very well known; and at one time it seemed as though the year would pass unmarked by a solitary act of homage to the great masters. If this seemed had turned out reality, what a year it would have been as regards our lyric stage! Spectacle (including *prima donna* shows) at Covent Garden; and burlesque (including indecency) at St. James's;—than this nothing more. Happily, Mr. Vining has come to the rescue and produced Handel's immortal serenata in a style worthy the master and his work. Now is the time for all who have been lamenting the domination of inferior things to make a protest against the neglect of high art. Now, also, is the opportunity for proving that there really is a classical public in this London of ours. Whosoever, claiming to have refined tastes, turns his back on the Princess's is, if not a shan, a traitor. But we are in debt to Mr. Vining for another reason. He has elected to be served by, with one exception, English artists. Of course this is only as it should be. An English opera is most appropriately confided to home-bred performers. None the less, however, ought the manager to be thanked. English lyric singers are, just now, at a terrible discount, one or two remarkable cases apart. Nobody believes in them, and their appearance is a drawback rather than an addition to the chances of success. That this is unjust few will wish to deny, though for some of the ill repute into which English operatic artists have fallen there is ample ground. The artists themselves are not to blame. They have no school wherein to learn the business, few chances to prove their mettle, and, in view of the prejudice against them, no encouragement to make the best of such as present themselves. This being the case, Mr. Vining has done good service by opening "a door of utterance" to dumb English talent and enabling it to show that capacity for the lyric stage has not altogether departed out of the land.

SOMETHING FROM PARIS.

(From a very old Correspondent).

The series of competitions at the Conservatoire has just come to a close. Every day since last Wednesday week, from nine in the morning to past five at night, Auber and his musical and dramatic jury have been engaged at this work. This series does not include the private competitions, which took place the week before, and on the last day of which, at the *concours de solfège*, no less than 115 competitors—35 men and 80 women—took part. Sixty-nine of those pupils received medals. On the days of the public competitions, the theatre of the Conservatoire is an amusing sight. The boxes are filled with old staggers and critics; but the *parterre* with an agitated crowd of the relations and friends of the young artists. The *concours* of single songs and pieces are tedious; but the competitions for tragedy, comedy, opera, and comic opera are very interesting. Each student chooses his scene, and performs it, in costume, in concurrence with fellow-students, also chosen by himself. The last scene of the *Trovatore* and the grand duet act of the *Huguenots* are the selections in opera. Molière and Scribe for comedy, Agnès's scene in the *Ecole des Femmes* being played nine times on Tuesday. In the Opera Comique competitions, the whole of the pit was in revolt. Mlle. Mineur, who sings very prettily, but who cannot act at all, received neither medal nor honourable mention. The students to whom first-class medals are awarded are immediately engaged at one of the theatres supported by Government.

A curious representation took place last week on the banks of the Loire, a few miles from Orléans. The Greek play of *Antigone* was performed at the celebrated college of La Chapelle by the head pupils; and in such a theatre!—an immense quadrangle surrounded by open arcades hung with draperies. The tragedy was admirably sustained by the young collegians, but the Greek verses were followed by decidedly the minority of the audience, the ladies, one and all, I fear, being ready to cry with Henriette in the *Femmes Savantes*—

"Excusez-moi, Monsieur, je n'entends pas le grec."

We were present on Sunday last at an interesting ceremony, the military mass at the Invalides. The rows of old tattered flags, the mementoes of as many victories, hung over the heads of the men who had fought for and captured them. Among these flags, a large bat was flying. The great *place* was full. The *invalides*, in their long, sad-looking cloaks, with the little brown St. Helena medals on their breasts, filled the body of the church; several of them were in Bath chairs. Around and among them were soldiers waiting to be *invalides*, and regiments of *enfants de troupe* learning to be soldiers. There were numerous groups of ladies, too, in bright toilettes. Over the high altar was a great white plume. Close behind, an immense curtain conceals Napoleon's altar tomb, upon which white letters on the black marble show his last words:—"Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur le bord de la Seine, au milieu du peuple Français que j'ai tant aimé." The mass was admirably performed in music, a magnificent military band accompanying the sacred songs and chants. When the mass was concluded and the officiating

priests had left the altar, the General and his *état major* walked down the centre of the church, the tricolor flag was borne aloft, and after it moved out the long procession of pensioners. Beneath the arcades which surround the inner quadrangle of the Invalides some admirable frescoes are being painted. The frescoes, which, when completed, will extend uninterruptedly along the four walls of the quadrangle, represent the great episodes in history, each episode forming a group in the continuous picture, and thus the history of France will be written along the cloister walls. Among the pictures already completed, that which pleased us most was the "Coronation of Charlemagne"; the grouping and tone are admirable. Preceding the Charlemagne period are Druidical scenes and the martyrdoms of primitive Christians. To the long list of saints several new names are to be added this year. Amongst those whose canonization is spoken of is Madame Louise de France, the daughter of Louis XV., whose life has just been so charmingly told by the author of *The Tales of Kirkbeck*; and by her side the sister of Louis XVI., Madame Elizabeth, whose goodness, purity, and devotion have left a memory which no church edict could make more holy.

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GERMAN MUSICAL GOSSIP.

(From our original Correspondent.)

CAUZNACH.—The pretty little town on the river Nahe, and surrounded by high hills, surplanted with vineyards, offers a very agreeable sojourn to the visitors, who come here to profit of the waters, and the good air, in Wiesbaden, Baden everything is pleasure and luxury, and here people are not forgetting the charm of music, you here the strains of Beethoven, Mendelssohn in every house. The Kursaal announced a concert last Thursday of great interest. Mons. Josif Wieniawski, Mons. de Swert, and Wilhelmy and the Baroness de Steen appeared. Mons. Wieniawski is the favorite of the Elite of French and Russian society, who abound here, and played Chopin's music and his own to the real delight of every one, with the real Polish heart and feeling. Mons. de Swert is now the king of the violinists of Germany. After the death of Concert Meister Ganz, of Berlin, a concours was announced for his place, and all the talents of the day rushed to the test, Berlin being the capital, nevertheless, Mons. de Swert being a Belgian, by his wondrous playing, gained the day, and is now Concert Meister for the violoncello to the King. His playing is indeed marvellous, and equally great in classical and brilliant style. The rest was a Sonata of Rubinstein of great merit, terminated the concert.

MAYENCE.—The little Operetta of *Der Meistersinger oder Das Judentum* in music continues to amuse the people at the Suiner Theatre, much laughter are created and the dialogues of Richard Wahusinig and Felix Mendelbaum, are the attraction of the farce. Herr Kapellmeister Lutt is finishing a new opera of great merit entitled *The Blacksmith of Recla*, a historical subject, and the music promises to become popular; the opera will be given at Frankfort or Leipzig.

WIESBADEN.—At the Kurhaus Concert, the great event was Wilhelmy's playing for the first time of Rubinstein's new violin concerto, which was very warmly applauded and pleased. Herr Oberthür also played a concerto of his own. There is another concert announced were Mdme. Lucca is engaged for 3 songs, for 5,000 francs (all these high salaries come out of the gambling tables). The other artists are Mons. Batta and Joseph Wieniawski.

HANAU.—The Sängerbund holds his festival on the 17th, where they sing several old choruses forgotten till now and appear under flags and trumpets, to finish up by all Ball and Banquet.

MAYENCE.—The silver wedding of Burgmeister Schott was not celebrated but by a torch-light procession, the festival was omitted in consequence of the death of his brother-in-law Judge Ahrens; and the Centenary (100 years) festival of the inauguration of the house takes place next year.

The representative of the firm in London, the much esteemed M. Wolf, is staying for the benefit of his health at Tugenheim at the Villa Pauer.

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A QUERY.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I should feel much obliged if you would insert an answer in your next issue to the following question—"Upon what is Bellini's opera of *Norma* founded, and when was it first exhibited in public?"—Yours obediently,

July 10, 1869.

A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The Stadtheater was re-opened with C. M. von Weber's *Oberon*, when Herr Hill from Mecklenburgh began a short starring engagement.

[August 14, 1869.]

DEATH.

On the 1st inst., at George Street, Sheffield, Mr. JOHN BUTCHER,
Professor of Music, aged 36.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FAIR PLAY.—Our correspondent commits a slight error. The article he refers to did not appear in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but in the *Sunday Times*. We happen to have a copy at hand, and transcribe the article for the information of "Fair Play." (It appeared under the head of "*Remonstrating*") :—

"We have a word or two for the gentlemen of Covent Garden orchestra which, if we could, we would leave unsaid. But the occasion gives us no choice. Everybody who knows anything about the matter is aware that not long since it was doubtful whether Mr. Costa's band would not follow its chief. Certain of the more distinguished members—Messrs. Sainton, Willy, Weist Hill, Dando, and Lazarus, for example—elected to do so; the rest, doubtless in the exercise of a wise discretion, signed engagements for the new season, and by so doing accepted whatever conductor the management might choose to put over them. From that moment they had no right to identify themselves with Mr. Costa—having deserted him, and were bound to show all proper respect to the new chief, be he who he may. Signor Arditì was appointed, and all the world knows Signor Arditì to be a good musician, an accomplished conductor, and a gentleman. Under these circumstances, it will scarcely be credited that when the new chief took his seat for the first time, the band, a few honourable exceptions apart, let him do so without the smallest mark of even conventional respect. Orchestral performers are sometimes described—we think unjustly—as wanting in love for their art on its own account. They must be careful lest they give occasion for their detractors to say that they not only fall short of being artists, but also something else."

We cannot remember the exact date; but it was very shortly after the "coalition season" had begun.

DILETTANTE CURTAINLIFTER.—The letter referring to the "United Operas" was as below:—

"To the Editor of the 'Daily News.'

"Sir,—I have to-day seen, for the first time, the letter and communication sent to you by Mr. Hargrave Jennings, and dated from Her Majesty's Theatre. It is almost needless to say that in acting as he has done, Mr. Jennings never consulted me, nor had he any authority whatever to make the statements on which you founded your article.—I am, &c., J. H. MAPLESON.

"Washington Hotel, Liverpool, March 12."

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.—A heated atmosphere does not raise (sharpens) the tone of *all* the wind instruments; it raises that of the wood, but depresses (flatteus) the tone of the brass. Heat contracts wood and expands metal; cold expands wood and contracts metal. Examples—
1. In India our wood instruments are always sharp, and the brass flat.
2. At home, in the winter, our wood instruments are flat, and our brass sharp. 3. When the *ini*—tire I think it is called—of a coach-wheel is put on it is red hot, and quite loose; as it cools it gradually contracts. 4. At the Royal Italian Opera, on a recent occasion, the atmosphere was at summer heat. The band was perfectly in tune when it commenced the overture; but as the performance went on, the whole of the brass instruments became flat. On that night the house contained the largest audience of the season.

SENEX.—The passage is from Heinrich Heine and runs thus:

“Heute muss ich dafür leiden
Dass ich gestern glücklich war.”

To-day we suffer for having been happy yesterday; and to-morrow we shall long for the same happiness or misery, no matter which.

J. R. L. (Harwich).—The first piece ever played by Sterndale Bennett at the Philharmonic Concerts was his own Concerto No. 2, in E flat; the next was his Concerto No. 3, in C minor. Madame Arabella Goddard has played the C minor three times at the Philharmonic, and the E flat once. The other published concertos by the same pen, are in D minor and F minor (No. 4). Two other concertos, however, exist—one in F minor (the real No. 4), the other in A minor, actually No. 6. Both of these have been played in public by the composer—No. 4 at the concerts of the Royal Academy of Music, No. 6 at the Philharmonic. His only other published work for pianoforte and orchestra is the Caprice in E major.

NOTICE.

It is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1869.

PATCHWORK.

THIS article was in vogue once upon a time. Our grandmothers loved it, and laboured at it with much patient ingenuity. Wonderful was the result of their labours; covering the beds of the period with a jumble of hues, patterns, and textures, each at variance with its neighbour, and all obstinately refusing to make an appreciable design. In those days the late riser had something wherewith to dreamily speculate his time away. Fixing his regards upon the shimmering bit of green satin under his nose, he could lose himself in imagining what sequence of events brought it next to a Manchester print of cerulean blue. But the fashion of patchwork has perished. Feminine taste busies itself with other matters, and feminine fingers no longer laboriously create a chaos. Which things are an allegory. As our foremothers made patchwork of odds and ends; so our forefathers made patchwork of bits of music. The latter had a passion for this species of cobbling. Allow a work to be performed as the composer intended!—not they. Rather would they make it the groundwork of a fearful and wonderful fabric, compared with which the most chaotic counterpane represented order and good taste. It was their delight to take away here, put a patch on there, alter the shape of this, and change the character of that. What possessed them to do it? Could they discern no genius in the things they mauled and mangled, or had they no reverence? Did they really fancy that their own trumpery rags consorted well with matchless textures, or did they take to patching out of regard for a degraded taste? Who knows? For the matter of that, who cares? The days of musical patchwork have gone, never to come back, and only now and then somebody starts up to remind us that they once were; to remind us, moreover, that, with all our jeremiads over the present, we have really improved upon the past. Public taste, now-a-days, would no more tolerate the peculiar musical industry of which we speak than it would any other old-fashioned absurdity. The motto now is—“No tinkering what you cannot mend.”

Within the last fortnight we have been presented with two examples of musical patchwork; the one new—an audacious experiment; the other old—an unthinking revival. The first may be seen at the Olympic, where Boieldieu's *Jean de Paris* is presented in dovetail with sundry ballads and choruses by Mr. W. F. Taylor. The mixture is not pleasant in itself (we need say no more about the underlying principle), and ought to be emphatically discountenanced. This, let us point out, need not involve censure upon Mr. Taylor's pieces. Some of them have merit, and show their composer to possess a good deal of taste. But if Mr. Taylor had the talent of ten such men as himself we should

still protest against the Olympic *Jean de Paris*. It is an attempt to revive a vicious system which cannot be justified under any circumstances whatever.

The second bit of patchwork is on view at the Princess's, where Tom Cook and G. F. Handel are united in unholy bonds. Visitors to that theatre have now a curious experience. First they hear the dashing overture of the great old master; then they have a course of twaddle—that is to say, of "Tom Cook"—after which Handel winds up the feast. The sensation is peculiar, and its effect on a well constituted mind highly irritating. It suggests savage thoughts, and provokes hard words, much as would a compulsory dose of brimstone and treacle between the courses of a City feast.

One comfort has come out of all this—with scarcely an exception the Press has spoken against patchwork. It will give no countenance to the thing, and the chances are we have seen the last of it. If so, we shall hardly regret the apparition of Boieldieu and Handel in solution respectively with W. F. Taylor and Tom Cooke. Besides, the apparition, like vice

"— is a monster of such hideous mien
That, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

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ELSEWHERE we present our readers with the words of Mr. Arthur Sullivan's new cantata, entitled *The Prodigal Son*, which is to be produced at the forthcoming Worcester Festival, and from the music of which (we say it advisedly) something far beyond the ordinary may be anticipated.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.

The first of a short series of ballad concerts was given on Wednesday week in the central transept, with Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Banks, Mdlle. Sinico, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Foli. There was an immense audience. Ballad concerts are attractive to a large class who care for little else that is musical, and few English people object to a good English song well sung. In this case the programme was full of old favourites, while the reputation of the artists was a guarantee of excellence. No wonder that the great transept and its adjacent galleries were crowded. Miss Edith Wynne sang "Tell me, my heart," and "O bid your faithful Ariel fly," with which her name has become thoroughly identified. No need to say how this capital artist rendered them, or how much they were applauded. Miss Banks's choice fell upon "Over hill, over dale," which she sang well, but without producing the effect likely to have been secured in an area more suited to her voice. "My Mother bids me bind my hair" and "Home, sweet Home," by Mdlle. Sinico, were prominent features, the singer being, in each case, recalled by acclamation. Mr. Sims Reeves sang three times. First, "The Pilgrim of Love;" next, with Signor Foli, "All's Well;" and, lastly, "The Death of Nelson;" which placards everywhere stated he was disabled from doing by hoarseness. We presume Mr. Reeves found himself better than he anticipated. He has rarely sung more effectively. His "Death of Nelson" was, in every sense, a perfect performance, and the audience were fairly entitled to go into ecstasies—which they did. "All's Well" was encored, but the gentlemen concerned declined. Signor Foli's ballads were "Hearts of Oak" and "The Bell-ringer," both admirably sung, and the first repeated. Some variations on "Rule, Britannia" were capitally played by Mr. Thaddeus Wells and encored. The Crystal Palace Choir also contributed, besides other things, variations upon "Down among the Dead Men," to which the percussion instruments supplied a singular accompaniment. As a whole, the concert was a great success.

On Wednesday the Tonic Sol-faists made a great demonstration, mustering some 4000 strong, and singing, under the conduct of Messrs. Sill and Prondman, a selection of sacred and secular music. The chief pieces in Part I. were Handel's "Theme sublime" (*Jephtha*), the "Benedictus" from Weber's Mass in G, Pergolesi's well-known "Gloria," the "Qui tollis" from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, and Croft's anthem, "God is gone up." These were not given uniformly well, and certain instances, particularly the "Benedictus," a good deal was left to desire. The choir was far more successful with the easier secular pieces, most of which went smoothly, and elicited very hearty applause. Between the parts a portion of an anthem by Henry Smart was put

into the hands of the singers for the first time, as a test in sight-singing. The result showed a degree of proficiency which, if not striking, was fairly satisfactory. We certainly expected better things, taking into account the merits so lustily claimed for the system. Mr. Coward was at the organ and, besides the accompaniments, played the *Occasional Overture* in admirable style. More than 18,000 persons attended.

During the week Miss Rose Hersce has appeared several times in opera with great success. This afternoon Miss Edith Wynne makes her *début* on the lyric stage in *Maritana*;—an event of interest, possibly of importance.

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Choir and Musical Record*, of August 7th, has a leading article on "The Government and Musical Education." After alluding to the Society of Arts' petition, and urging that its prayer should be granted, our contemporary goes on to discuss the claims of the Royal Academy as follows:—

"At the same time we are glad to be able to announce that since we last called attention to the question the state of affairs has materially altered for the better, and the Royal Academy of Music, which only a year ago seemed to be languishing, is now in a flourishing condition. Then, the Government grant had been withdrawn, and the funds were at such a low ebb that the professors were beginning to discuss the advisability of returning the Royal Charter to Her Majesty, and of commencing *de novo* as a private body. Now, the House of Commons has renewed the annual donation of £500 from the public purse, the wife of the Premier has distributed the prizes, and, above all, the performances of the pupils at the annual public concert have been so uniformly excellent as to call forth the highest encomiums from those well qualified to judge. To quote the language of the critic of our leading journal, the concert—

"was precisely what an Academy concert should invariably be, one calculated to show what progress the students are making, what talent is to be found among them, and how that talent is being fostered by those upon whom the task devolves. Regarded from this point of view, the public concert under notice was to the fullest extent gratifying. It established beyond dispute, not only that talent exists, but that it is for the most part wisely directed."

"With this testimony before us, and our own estimate of the concert, to be found in another column, was equally high, we are naturally led to consider whether in its present improved state the Royal Academy would not furnish the best basis for the National School recommended by the Society of Arts. In former days we were indeed inclined to join in the view of some leading professors—which is unfairly alluded to in the Society's petition as if it were an expression of actual opinion as to the Academy's present work—that it was so full of faults that reform seemed well nigh hopeless, but we have now great pleasure in being able to congratulate Professor Bennett and his coadjutors on having successfully overcome many difficulties and on being in a fair way of attaining still greater success. This being the case, it is well worthy of consideration, whether, without placing musical education under the South Kensington rule, a proceeding to which we have always felt a great disinclination, it would not be possible by augmenting the national grant, and by developing the present constitution of the Academy, so to enlarge its scope as to make it in reality a National School. That free education for at least two hundred students should be provided we readily agree with the Society of Arts, and that in return for State aid there should be efficient Government inspection we also admit to be perfectly fair and reasonable; but we see no reason, now that the Academy is doing its work in a satisfactory manner, why it should not be made the foundation of the future institution. The scheme of its concert, it is true, bore a very poor aspect when placed side by side with the programme of the annual *concours* of the Paris Conservatoire just held, but this was more owing to a lack of funds than to the wishes of its managers, and we have reason to believe that they will readily acquiesce in any well devised plan for the enlargement and improvement of the Academy, provided the necessary assistance is forthcoming.

"Under these circumstances, then, we trust that the Society of Arts will, instead of attempting to induce the Government to found a rival institution, recognize the improvements already effected in the Academy, and assist in its still further amplification. 'Union is strength,' and cliquism has already hindered musical progress in this country to an alarming extent, and we therefore hope to see ere long a coalition between the musical committee of the Society and the Academy. The aim of both is, or ought to be, the same, and we can but think that it will be best promoted by the joint action of the two bodies."

We endorse the foregoing arguments with heartiness, and commend them to senatorial and legislative minds as worth turning over.

In common with many other journals, the *Musician* has been exercised upon the question of a popular opera-house. It goes in for the thing with zest tempered by discrimination. Here is part of a leader in the current number:—

"There are certainly signs just now in the press and in the attitude of the English musical public, which suggest that the position of opera in England may be shortly taken gravely into consideration from a musical point of view, and an effort made to place it on a less unreal basis than that upon which it at present stands. During the season just over, the fashionable management of the lyric drama, it is to be hoped, has reached a climax. In the absence of competition the catering at Covent Garden has been more than ever for the elegant loungers, and less than ever for those who have ears for art. So much has this been the case that it has already provoked a formidable organization of opposition for next season; and a healthy tendency to discuss the whole question is being gradually developed. In the last number of *Macmillan's Magazine*—almost the only one of the monthlies to which we can look for thought—attention is prominently called to this subject, and the question is mooted whether the time is not ripe for the establishment of a musical, as distinguished from a merely fashionable opera-house. So far as this may be a question of demand, the answer can hardly be doubted. As certainly as the Monday Popular Concerts have proved successful, so, with equal wisdom of management, would a well-presented series of operatic performances based upon the principle that art is its own attraction. There are hundreds of men in London who hate fashion and love art in an inverse ratio. A certain proportion of these, as matters now stand, crush into the gallery of Covent Garden when an opera of musical interest is presented; many more would flock to hear good operatic works rendered with due musical completeness but without the restriction and the expense which the fashionable element of operatic management entails. The experiment of a popular opera, which should repeat, or considerably relax, dress regulations, and reduce prices, is one which, though it has been tried and failed, has never, we think, been tried under such favourable conditions as exist at present. Let us not be mistaken as driving at the re-establishment, pure and simple, of English opera. The repertory of the English lyric stage is not in a condition to support any serious experiment. The strength of our native music does not lie in opera, even where, as in the case of at least one composer, it has been honestly written for opera's sake; much less can we find dramatic strength and constructional power in those works of English musicians which were concocted with one eye on the footlights and the other in the shop-window. The question of the establishment of an opera-house for those who love art but cannot or do not affect fashion is, moreover, quite distinct from another which is seething in musical circles, of the baneful influence of monopoly in opera. * * * What we most want next year is not a competition in spectacular opera—which will never come to discredit so long as it does not fall below the standard of the season just passed—nor the existing opera shorn of its splendour and fashion; but an opera for the musical, and one which, while not denying itself the whole range of the foreign repertory, may afford to give an occasional stimulus to native production."

We are glad to read in the *Pall Mall Gazette* a capital protest against the mixture of Tom Cook and Handel at the Princess's. Our evening contemporary says:—

"The late Mr. Thomas Cook, familiarly known as 'Tom Cook,' who made a point of enriching every score which passed through his hands in the character of orchestral conductor, did not neglect the opportunity of improving Handel when the turn of *Acis and Galatea* arrived. If 'Tom Cook' could write an overture to Auber's *Masaniello*, as he in fact did, why should he not furnish an introduction to Handel's *Acis and Galatea*? In those days it seems to have been held that music was music whoever composed it. Childish vanity on the part of the adapter was, no doubt, at the root of the evil; but there must at the same time have existed considerable ignorance and bad taste on the part of the public, or the tricks played by Sir Henry Bishop, Mr. Ropino Lacy, and 'Tom Cook' would not have received the sanction which appears to have been freely accorded to them. Critics are also, no doubt, to blame for not having protested with sufficient energy against the malpractices of the orchestral conductors of those days, who were in the habit of entitling themselves—with only too much significance—'conductors and composers of the music.' Did they really imagine that they would have been thought wanting in zeal had they neglected to treat Rossini and Auber, Handel and Mozart after their own peculiar fashion? It was their proclaimed function not only to lead the orchestra, but also to 'compose the music,' and they perhaps got in the habit of looking upon all works entrusted to them for the purpose of stage production as so much raw material which they were bound to arrange in supposed conformity with the taste of the British public. We should be glad to think that musical adapters had not only behaved badly, in the way of injury, to this unfortunate public, but that they had even undervalued it in respect to its taste. It is to be feared, however, that as there is still a general liking in England for adulterated wine in preference to unadulterated, so in musical matters the pure has often been found less attractive than the impure. This fact, if fact it be, has, of course, nothing to do with the question whether or not managers and

musical directors have a right to introduce deleterious ingredients into the compositions they offer to the public. Not only have they a duty to perform towards their audiences, they also owe something to the honour and reputation of the composers whose works they profess to represent. In retaining even one piece of the additional music composed by 'Tom Cook' for *Acis and Galatea*, a manager who professes to represent the *Acis and Galatea* of Handel takes a liberty which ought to be as severely condemned as may be necessary to prevent a repetition of the offence.

"Already, however, this point has been reached, that the manager who in producing *Acis and Galatea* retains a certain amount of 'Tom Cook' in the adapted score feels it necessary to offer excuses for doing so. Mr. Vining calls attention to two novelties as specially characterizing his representation of Handel's serenata at the Princess's Theatre—the restoration of the part of *Acis* to a tenor, and the introduction of the lime-light. To these two innovations so strangely classed together in the bill might be added a third—the formal tender of an apology for not dispensing altogether with the supplementary music composed by 'Tom Cook.' Considering that this music, apart from the question of merit, has no community of style with that of Handel, to which, on the contrary, it presents a violent contrast; considering that the piece, whether as a spectacle or as an opera, stands in no need of it; considering, moreover, that Mr. Vining is aware of its unsuitableness, which he, in effect, proclaims while seeking to justify himself by the example of Mr. Macready for not rejecting it; considering these things, we may hope at future representations the supplementary composition of 'Tom Cook' will be discarded, and *Acis and Galatea* restored, by the easiest process in the world, to its original form. It has been already suggested that the 'scene of the rolling wave,' which forms an important feature in one of the most brilliant spectacles ever produced on the stage, might be presented during the performance of the overture; and this suggestion really cuts away from the music of 'Tom Cook' all right to further existence.

The *Sunday Times* is not less emphatic on the same side of the same question:—

"We cannot speak too highly of the great care with which *Acis and Galatea* has been brought out. In every department it is obvious that neither labour nor cost stood in the way of the revival being made a perfect thing. The result is an entertainment of the highest excellence; such a one as, of its kind, but rarely challenges public criticism. Only on a single question of taste do we object to it, and that has reference to the first scene. When Mr. Macready revived the work at Drury Lane in 1842, he thought proper to make a prologue, chiefly, it would appear, for the sake of a stage effect. The additional music was written by Mr. Tom Cooke, one of the least competent of men for the work, and this prologue, with Mr. Tom Cooke's twaddling strains, is duly given at the Princess's. Mr. Vining would have done better had he cut it out entirely and exhibited his beautiful sea-shore picture during the performance of the overture. It is true that when old Handel begins 'O, the pleasures of the plains'—coming in like majestic thunder after the sputtering of a feeble squib—Mr. Cooke's music is at once forgotten. But the principle to which Mr. Vining has deferred is a bad one. It might have passed muster twenty-seven years ago (when *Israel in Egypt* was sung with interpolated airs), now it is more than questionable taste is apparent."

On the same subject, but with reference to *Jean de Paris* at the Olympic, the *Queen*, of August 7th, says:—

"If National Opera ever should have another chance of experimental essay in this country, it ought to have as a basis of action respect for the scores of the Continental composers whose works it is sought to turn to account. A most earnest protest must be at once entered against the system of announcing operas by distinguished musicians merely as a peg to interpolate compositions by inferior professors who would hang on the skirts of a great name. The end of such speculations is certain; there can be no hold on the musical public with the introduction of composite operas. The days of Ropino Lacy, and of all those compilers who tried to thrust *pasticcios* down the throats of opera-house frequenters, cannot be revived. With the production, therefore, of an alleged adaptation of Boieldieu's *Jean de Paris* at the Olympic there can be no sympathy, for the management has started under false colours. This patchwork of a clever musician by an unknown aspirant for musical honours is an unpardonable liberty, such as will not be tolerated in this age. Boieldieu is one of the most illustrious representatives of the French opera school, which is really a national one, as presented at the Salle Favart, and not that mixed style heard at the pretentious Grand Operahouse in the Rue Lepelletier. Born in 1775, Boieldieu died in 1834, leaving behind him an infinite number of operas, some of which will maintain their place in the repertory permanently—the *Dame Blanche* particularly, which is a masterpiece, and, being one, gave sufficient reason for our Italian Operahouse *impresarios* never to produce it. Pianoforte players of a certain age, to whom Steibelt's 'Storm,' Griffin's Concerto, Moschels' 'Fall of Paris,' and the 'Battle of Prague' are familiar, will remember amongst their juvenile show pieces Boieldieu's overture to the *Caliph of Bagdad*. The music of *Jean de Paris* was made familiar at the patent theatres and at the Haymarket more than half a century since. The Covent Garden version of the *White Lady* was not well done, and failed to attract. If we really had a theatre conscientiously 'consecrated' to light opera in the English language,

Boieldieu's compositions would supply a goodly number of works which would keep their place by the side of those of Hérold, Auber, Adam, &c. It will be time enough to treat as serious the Olympic undertaking when it presents itself in a legitimate form, and not whilst it is producing foreign operas as a pretext to cover mediocrity."

In its number of Wednesday last, the *Pall Mall Gazette* suggested a tax on pianos for the benefit of the Royal Academy of Music. Here is the main portion of its article :—

" We have no means of ascertaining how many effective pianos there are at this moment in existence throughout Europe, but an approximative estimate might easily be formed by obtaining returns from the principal piano-forte makers in England, France, Germany, and Italy. Iron pianos, of formidable power, are, we believe, turned out in large numbers by the American makers. But the metallic clang does not cross the Atlantic, nor do the instruments themselves reach Europe except as curiosities, and one at a time. Numbers of foreign pianos are imported into England, while nearly all the pianos produced in England are retained in this country. There are good reasons, in short, for believing that England is the greatest piano-forte-playing country, or perhaps we should say piano-forte-possessing country, in all Europe. With us the piano is an indispensable article of furniture. The absence of a piano in a drawing-room is not only the indication of an absence of musical taste, which is a fault, but the sign of a want of money, which is the next thing to a crime. Accordingly, everyone in England who can afford it buys a piano, and would continue to do so even though called upon to pay a tax for its maintenance of, say, one guinea a year. A guinea a year is the charge usually made for keeping a piano in tune; and another guinea for the bare right of keeping it would surely not be too much to require.

" The piano has so long been a tax upon us that, independently of the general financial question, we should not for our part be at all sorry now to see a tax laid on the piano. But it would really be a very productive tax; and the money it yielded might be appropriately and very advantageously devoted to the support of the Royal Academy of Music. The great objection at present made to all propositions for granting to this institution anything like a reasonable subvention is that it is unfair to tax the whole nation for the benefit of that portion of the nation which happens to care for music.

" Schools of Design are tolerated, and even encouraged now that it has been proved that the pupils do not meanly abuse the trust reposed in them by devoting themselves to the higher branches of art instead of confining themselves to the production of patterns for manufactures; but music cannot possibly be turned to profitable account in connexion with trade, and its cultivation is consequently ignored by the Government, or at least, is not regarded as an object worthy of serious encouragement. Five hundred a year, about enough to pay the salary of one professor, is all that the Government can be induced to grant to the Academy—the one institution which, almost without extraneous support, does, or should do, for the whole country what in Germany and France a number of well-endowed *conservatoires* do for each important provincial town. Not only Berlin and Paris, but Leipzig, Cologne, Dresden, Düsseldorf, and even Lille, Lyons, Toulouse, Marseilles, Bourdeaux are all infinitely better off than London as regards facilities for musical instruction. If a piano tax were levied throughout Great Britain, and a considerable portion of the proceeds applied to the support of musical academies in the chief towns of England, Ireland, and Scotland, the unmusical majority would have no right to complain, since not a farthing would be taken out of their pockets, while the piano-holders could not reasonably object to be looked upon as persons interested in the cultivation of music, and, as such, liable to be taxed for its encouragement. We can anticipate yet another benefit from the measure, or combination of measures, that we propose, though some time must necessarily elapse before it could be realized. After the establishment of richly subventioned musical academies instruction in all branches of musical education would become so cheap that possessors of pianos, as a class, might at last learn to play upon them.

Thus the *P. M. G.* on its part. But there is a good deal to be said on other part.

MONTEVIDEO.—Meyerbeer's *Africaine* has been produced on a scale of great magnificence. The *mise-en-scène* cost 11,000 dollars.

LEIPSIC.—Herr Papier has been appointed organist at St. Thomas's Church.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—M. Offenbach's opera, *La Pétrichole*, has been produced with great success.

COLOGNE.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller has received a flattering invitation from the St. Petersburg Society of Concerts, under the patronage of the Grand-Princess Helene, to direct four concerts of the Society next Christmas.

MUNICH.—During the month previous to the closing of the Royal Operahouse, the following "tonecreations" (the word "operas" is not employed by the admirers of Herr R. Wagner) of the chief Musician of the Future were performed:—*Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Tristan und Isolde*, and *Die Meistersinger*. Both the public and the artists are beginning to grow rather tired of Herr Wagner. *Toujours Wagner* is even more objectionable than *toujours perdrix*.

W A I F S.

Signor and Madame Ardit have left London for the Continent.

Mdlle. Rose Hersee will sail from Liverpool for New York on the 25th inst.

Max Maretzek has turned brick-maker, and is said to "turn in" more dollars than formerly.

The St. James' Hall Christy Minstrels commence an engagement at the Standard on Monday.

Mdlle. Déjazet and her company were summoned to Eaux Bonnes, by telegraph, to play before the Viceroy of Egypt.

Madame Ristori has been received with almost royal honours in Brazil. Her first appearance was in the *Medea* of M. Legouvé.

The veteran author, Alessandro Monzoni, has given permission for the adaptation of his novel, *I Promessi Sposi*, to the operatic stage, by Signor Petrella.

Mdlle. Clara and Rosamunda Doria have left town for Langlands, Swansea, the seat of Mrs. Crawshay, where a series of musical *fêtes* are about to take place.

M. Pasdeloup still swears by Richard Wagner. He opens the Lyrique on September 1st with *Rienzi*. Balf's *La Bohémienne* follows—very speedily no doubt.

The *Rock* tells us that at a recent festival at St. Paul's the full choir of the Cathedral had been strengthened by the Special Service choir and *draughts* (*sic*) from the other metropolitan choirs.

The *Jewish Record* states that the Synod of Rabbis just held, recommended choral services and the use of the organ in the synagogues, as well as musical performances on Sabbaths and festivals.

A new musical and literary gazette has been started at Padua, entitled *La Melodie*. Amongst the composers who will contribute are Mercadante, Verdi, Petrella, Pedrotti, Rossi, Goldberg, Florimo, &c.

Mdlle. Déjazet has at length determined to take her farewell of the stage, which she has graced for so long a period as the memory of the oldest play-goer extends. Her last appearance will be in a play by Sardou.

Signor Verdi will shortly visit Paris to confer with M. Sardou about the work for the Opéra Comique. M. Léo Delibes and M. Georges Bizet have also been commissioned to write three-act operas for the same theatre.

During the last week Mr. Manns (who is absent for a short vacation) has been replaced as conductor of the Crystal Palace Operas, by the first violin, Mr. Wedermeyer, who has acquitted himself to the satisfaction of both artist and auditors.

M. Sante-Foy has left the Opéra Comique, at which he has amused a generation of Parisian theatre-goers. He has accepted an engagement at St. Petersburgh, where he is to make his *début* in the Palais-Royal piece, *Gavaut Minard & Co.*

A variation from the ordinary custom of chanting psalms is adopted by the Rev. Archer Gurney at his church in the French capital. Mr. Gurney sings the alternate verses of each psalm to the melody of the chant, the choir and people responding.

Mr. George Perren (owing to the sudden indisposition of Mr. Vernon Rigby) undertook the part of Acis, at the Princess's Theatre, on Wednesday last, at very short notice. In "Love sounds the alarm," he obtained the only encore of the evening.

In our last week's Town Edition it was stated that Mr. Reynolds played the trumpet *obbligato* (on the cornet) to Mdlle. Nilsson's "Let the bright Seraphim." We should have said that the performer was Mr. Wilmore, the able first cornet in the Crystal Palace band.—*Sunday Times*.

Salvator, son of the great Cherubini, and Inspector of the Fine Arts, died the week before last at Nevilly, in his sixty-eighth year. When *Medea* was revived at Her Majesty's Theatre, the son came on purpose to witness his father's masterpiece. An important collection of the composer's manuscripts is now left.

Count de Waldeck, of Paris, although 103 years of age, sent to the Paris Fine Arts Exhibition last April, a picture representing not fewer than 255 persons. The veteran artist enjoyed excellent health, and took strong walking exercise every day. He was married to an English lady of 40, and had a son aged 18.

Mdlle. Rose Hersee's farewell performances at the Crystal Palace Opera have proved very attractive. At the representation of *Lucia* last week nearly £100 was taken for reserved seats. On Tuesday last, the *Bohemian Girl* was given, with Mdlle. Hersee as Arline, &c., the vast area being filled to overflowing, and many hundreds standing throughout the performance.

At a concert lately given by the Auckland Choral Society to the officers of the Fleet, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh took part as "first fiddle." In the opening piece he played with Colonel Balneavis and the other violinists. The Duke subsequently played in Mozart's "Jupiter" and other orchestral pieces. In all he is said to have acquitted himself most admirably.

The choir of St. James's, Curtain Road, Shoreditch, was vested in surplices on Sunday week, and the services are now fully choral. From Mackeson's *Guide to the Churches of London*, it appears that the site was occupied by a theatre in Shakspeare's time, and that the dramatist lived in Gillum's Fields. Tradition says that he acted at the theatre, and that his *Hamlet* was first performed there.

The Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley is at present engaged in collecting from various sources (chiefly from the fine library of MS. music in Christ Church, Oxford) the unpublished sacred music of Orlando Gibbons. The work, which is to be published by subscription, will not only be valuable to the musical antiquarian, but will contain many grand anthems which will be a welcome addition to every cathedral *répertoire*.

The Marquise de Caux (Adelina Patti) had a little ovation recently. She went with her husband and sister-in-law to St. Germain, where the trio dined at the Pavilion Henry IV. But while discussing their peaches, Patti was recognized, and cheered by a crowd of several hundred persons gathering round her by the time she reached the station, into which she fled, complaining of the inconvenience of celebrity.

In the season which Mr. Barnby intends to commence in the ensuing winter, the following works are promised:—Bach's *Mattheus-Passion*; Spohr's *Last Judgment*; Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and *Lobgesang*; (when are we to hear the fragments from *Christus again?*) Beethoven's Mass in D and Choral Symphony; Handel's *Messiah*; Dettingen's *Te Deum*, *Jephtha*, *Acis and Galatea* and one of his lesser oratorios. These works, with a new cantata by the conductor, Mr. Joseph Barnby, will give plenty of attraction to the Oratorio Concerts.

One of the last acts of Dr. Vaughan, now Master of the Temple Church, before resigning the vicarage of Doncaster, was to distribute the prizes in the Grammar School. The Doctor delivered an address on the desirability of enlarging the educational programmes of our public schools, and of allowing boys who have no taste for one study to pursue another. He recommended that their attention should be directed to music, and advised the offering of prizes as an inducement. Such advice from such a quarter is a "sign of the times."

The Bishop of Derry has written to *John Bull* acknowledging that his remarks at the St. Albans' Choral Festival were somewhat overstrained. Dr. Alexander says:—

"In illustrating the way in which men insensibly slide into questionable language about the music of the Church, I hastily caught at expressions which I had just read. I think, upon reflection, that a musical critic must perforce speak with much freedom in the interests of Church music, and I am free to confess that I spoke somewhat 'unadvisedly with my lips.'"

Thus his Lordship virtually admits the justice of our criticism upon the subject.—*Choir*.

The restoration of the parish church of St. Mary, Beddington, Surrey, has been made the occasion for the erection of a room on the north side of the tower, where the choir practices will be held. This addition to the ordinary arrangements of our churches, is worthy general imitation, as it provides a means for avoiding the custom of holding the meetings of choristers within the church, which inevitably induces carelessness, if not irreverence. The use of a room connected with the church is preferable to a school at a distance, as, although undesirable to conduct the whole practice in the chancel, it is necessary at times to meet there in order to try new music with the organ.—*Choir*.

Of the Crystal Palace band, which forms a prominent feature in the Summer Concerts, it is impossible to speak too highly. One of the most cultivated minds, and competent musical critics, in Europe, remarked in our hearing, that for numbers and *ensemble* the band at Sydenham might compare with the finest on the Continent. The execution of the overture to *Semiramide* some time since, was very fine, and affords by no means an exceptional illustration of the above remark. By constant practice under the same conductor, the united instrumentalists play as one man. Nothing is left to chance in these performances. Rehearsals are daily taking place to secure efficiency, and therein lies the secret of Mr. Manns' success as conductor. His known proclivities are in favour of high-class—nay, abstruse—orchestral music; and he has infused into his band a spirit of patience in repetition which is not to be found in any other body of musicians—always remembering that the honoured late *chef d'orchestre*, Sir Michael Costa, first taught an English orchestra to submit to autocratic rule under the baton.—*Queen*.

On Saturday Mr. William Hunter Kendal and Miss Madge Robertson, of the Haymarket company, were married at St. Saviour's Charlton-on-Medlock, Manchester. The wedding was a very quiet one, only some eight or ten persons being present. Miss Robertson is a sister of T. W. Robertson, Esq., the well-known and talented author. At present Mr. Buckstone and his company are fulfilling a short engagement at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, and on Saturday night the play was *As You Like It*, in which, for the first time, Miss Robertson played Rosalind, Mr. Kendal being the Orlando. The young bride performed her part admirably, and in the midst of the love-making scene, so real and natural was her acting, that she "brought down the house," and was called forward. Whether the audience were aware of what had taken place that morning is doubtful, but evidently there were several in the theatre who knew, for at the fall of the curtain some one from the boxes threw her a splendid bouquet, to which was appended a note addressed to "Miss Madge Robertson," but inside it conveyed the congratulations of the writer to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, with many wishes for their long life and happiness. The happy pair, after leaving the theatre, went to Alderly Edge, a few miles from Manchester, there to spend the short honeymoon of two days.

We take the following items of University musical news from our contemporary, *The Musician*:—

"Mr. Hada Keeton has taken the degree of Mus. Bac. at Oxford. His exercise is a cantata from the 56th Psalm, 'Thou, O God, art praised in Sion,' with string accompaniments. The opening chorus follows a prelude of considerable merit. No. 2 tenor is a solo, 'Blessed is the man.' Of the other numbers the solo and chorus, 'Thou visited the earth,' is one of the best; a quartet, 'Thou crownest the year,' follows, and the final chorus, 'O be joyful in God,' is written in five parts. Dr. Elvey, the composer's master and tutor, came to Oxford and played first violin at the performance of the exercise. The following musical degrees have just been conferred by Trinity College, Dublin:—Rev. Edward Syne, Mus. Doc.; Herr Leo Kerbusch, Mus. Doc.; John Greenhill, Mus. Bac.; and Frederick Smythe, Mus. Bac. The exercise of Herr Leo Kerbusch consisted of a quartet for stringed instruments, in E major; that of Mr. F. Smythe was an anthem for stringed instruments and organ accompaniments, selected from the 84th Psalm; Mr. Greenhill produced a fugued chorus, forming the *finale* to a cantata entitled *The Temptation of Christ*. The examination exercise of Mr. W. T. Howell Allchin, who recently took the degree of Mus. Bac. at Oxford, is *The Rebellion of Korah*, a dramatic cantata. It consists of an overture, two tenor airs, several recitatives and choruses, and a well-developed double fugue. The cantata was scored for a full orchestra and an eight-part chorus. Mr. Allchin is organist of St. Mary-the-Virgin, Oxford."

Fielding has given a true account of himself and his first wife in the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Booth, some compliments to his own figure excepted; and I am persuaded several of the incidents he mentions are real matters of fact. I wonder he does not perceive Tom Jones and Mr. Booth are sorry scoundrels. All this sort of books have the same fault, which I cannot easily pardon, being very mischievous. They place a merit in extravagant passions, and encourage young people to hope for impossible events, to draw them out of the misery they choose to plunge themselves into, expecting legacies from unknown relations, and generous benefactors to distressed virtue, as much out of nature as fairy treasures. Fielding has really a fund of true humour, and was to be pitied at his first entrance into the world, having no choice, as he said himself, but to be a hackney writer or a hackney coachman. His genius deserves a better fate; but I cannot help blaming that continued indiscretion to give it the softest name, that has run through his life and I am afraid still remains. I am sorry for Fielding's death, not only as I shall read no more of his writings, but I believe he lost more than others, as no man enjoyed life more than he did, though few had less reason to do so, the highest of his preferment being taken in the lowest sinks of vice and misery. I should think it a nobler and less nausious employment to be one of the staff-officers that conduct the nocturnal weddings. His happy constitution (even when he had, with great pains, half demolished it) made him forget everything when he was before a venison pasty, or over a flask of champagne, and I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any prince upon earth. His natural spirits gave him rapture with his cook-maid, and cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret. There was a great similitude between his character and that of Sir Richard Steele. He had the advantage both in learning, and, in my opinion, genius. They both agreed in wanting money in spite of all their friends, and would have wanted it, if their hereditary lands had been as extensive as their imaginations; yet each of them was so formed for happiness it is a pity he was not immortal.—LADY MONTAGUE.

An odd case of literary trade unionism has just occurred in Paris. The Société des Auteurs Dramatiques has interdicted the Théâtre des Folies Dramatiques from producing the *Oeil Cervé* of Hervé, which had its run of 300 nights. This society, founded to protect playwrights against managers, numbers amongst its members almost every Frenchman who has ever had a piece performed. One of its statutes enacts that on no account shall any member of the society surrender any part

of his legitimate profits to a manager. Parisian managers never pay a lump sum for a play. There is a fixed tariff, which varies according to the length of the piece; the usual terms being from 3 to 8 per cent. on the gross amount of the night's receipts for a comedy in one act, 4 to 6 per cent. for two acts, and 8 to 12 per cent. for three acts or more. It sometimes happens that to get a play accepted more readily an author will, by private agreement, consent to forego part of his dues, and receive, for instance, 5 per cent. instead of 10. Cases of this kind are tolerably frequent, notwithstanding that every member of the society gives his word of honour upon admission that he will not take this advantage of his colleagues. Of late years several authors and managers had been denounced, as acting in collusion; but it was impossible to establish the offence until last month, when M. Moreau Sainti, manager of the Folies, allowed himself to be caught. It was proved that he was giving an author 3 per cent., instead of the 9 per cent. which was his due, and the society fined him 20,000 francs (2800). M. Sainti refusing to pay, the society put him under an interdict. The result of an interdict cuts off a manager from amongst the living. No author belonging to the society may provide him with a new piece; so that he is forced either to go on with plays already ceded to him by treaty, or fall back upon young and obscure writers—failing which, he must shut up. The last time an interdict was pronounced before was in 1840, on M. Poisson manager of the Gymnase. M. Poisson struggled for a while, playing comedies by a beginner who had not talent enough to fill the theatre, and so, to escape ruin, M. Poisson was obliged to resign.

In a recent lecture upon Hymn Tunes Professor Ouseley enunciated a theory which our readers will take for what they think it worth. He observed:—

"An inquiry into the music of the northern nations of Europe in olden time has convinced me that it is to them that church music owes its emancipation from the mediæval thrall of imperfect scales and unrhythymical melodies. The modern major and minor modes, and the relation between the leading note and the tonic to which it leads, although not distinctly understood, were more or less felt by the old Celts, Scandinavians, and Scythians, and instinctively acted upon; and in many cases a rude, but not utterly incorrect, kind of harmony existed, as a result of such a recognition, probably before the Christian era. This I have attempted to prove more at length on former occasions, both here and elsewhere. But in the music of southern Europe, and especially in its ecclesiastical music, we find no trace of any harmonical development whatever in primitive times. For the old Gregorian scales are essentially anti-harmonic in their construction (though they are so, of course, in different degrees), and in no cases do their semitone fall in the same places as they do in our major and minor scales. But when different countries began to have more frequent intercourse, and the church imported its Gregorian melodies into lands where the northern and harmonic system of music prevailed, a gradual fusion of the two sorts of art began to take place, and while on the one hand the ecclesiastical melodies modified, and perhaps ennobled the popular music of the country, there arose, on the other hand, a craving on the part of church musicians after the part-singing and instrumental accompaniments which they found already established around them. To satisfy this craving two courses were adopted:—1st, A most horrible system was begun of singing the same melody in two keys simultaneously, at the distance of a fourth or fifth, or even both at once, above and below: this was called the 'Organum,' 'Diaphony,' or 'plain Descant.' 2ndly, Attempts were made to accompany one melody by another of a more florid kind, which as it were revolved about and around the original plain-song, after the manner of florid counterpoint. To such an extent was this carried that ecclesiastical injunctions and papal bulls were at length obliged to be levelled at it, to abate the abuse. From the former method our modern church harmony derived. From the latter, our whole system of counterpoint and fugue."

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<p>ATTO I.</p> <p>No. 2. Recitativo e Duo. <i>Cantato dalla Signora Nilsson e dal Signor Santley.</i> Price 6s.</p> <p>Per - chè . . . lo eguar - do vol - gi al suol?</p> <p>No. 2 bis. Cantabile (estratto del Duo). <i>Cantato dal Signor Santley.</i> Price 4s.</p> <p>Ah! puoi ne - gar la lu - ce,</p> <p>No. 2 ter. La Stessa (Per Soprano o Tenoro). <i>Cantata dalla Signora Nilsson.</i> Price 4s.</p> <p>No. 2 quat. La Stessa, in Do (per Mezzo-Soprano). <i>Cantata dalla Signora Nilsson.</i> Price 4s.</p> <p>No. 3. Cavatina di Laerzio. <i>Cantato dal Signor Corsi.</i> Price 4s.</p> <p>Per pa - tria suol fe - de - le cit - ta - di - no,</p> <p>No. 4. Coro degli Uffiziali. <i>Cantato dal Signor Santley.</i> Price 5s.</p> <p>Ban - do al - la ria mes - ti - zia! Le - ti - zia,</p> <p>No. 5 bis. Invocazione <i>Cantato dal Signor Santley.</i> Price 4s.</p> <p>Spet - tro in - fer - mal, Im - ma - gin ve - ne - ra - ta!</p> <p>No. 5 ter. La Stessa (per Soprano o Tenoro). <i>Cantata dalla Signora Nilsson.</i> Price 4s.</p> <p>ATTO II.</p> <p>No. 6. Aria d'Ofelia. <i>Cantata dalla Signora Nilsson.</i> Price 6s.</p> <p>La sua man non an - cor og - gi la mia toc - ciò!</p> <p>No. 6 bis. La Stessa (per Mezzo-Soprano). <i>Cantata dalla Signora Nilsson.</i> Price 6s.</p> <p>No. 6 ter. Fabliau (estratto dall'Aria). <i>Cantato dal Signor Santley.</i> Price 4s.</p> <p>Ad - dio di - ces, mi ere - di - .</p> <p>No. 6 quat. Lo Stesso (per Mezzo-Soprano). <i>Cantata dalla Signora Nilsson.</i> Price 4s.</p> <p>No. 7. Arioso (per Mezzo-Soprano). <i>Cantato dalla Signora Nilsson.</i> Price 4s.</p> <p>Nel guar - do suo ve - de - a - .</p> <p>No. 7 bis. Lo Stesso (per Contralto). <i>Cantato dalla Signora Nilsson.</i> Price 4s.</p>	<p>No. 10. Canzona Bacchica. <i>Cantato dal Signor Santley.</i> Price 4s.</p> <p>O vin, di - cac - cia la tris - te - za,</p> <p>No. 10 bis. La Stessa, in Do (per Tenoro). <i>Cantata dalla Signora Nilsson.</i> Price 4s.</p> <p>Es - - - ser o non es - ser! O mi - ste - ro!</p> <p>No. 13. Monologo. <i>Cantato dal Signor Santley.</i> Price 3s.</p> <p>Egli è qui la sua mente al - fin mi sua sve - la - ta!</p> <p>No. 15 bis. Romanza (estratta dal Trio). <i>Cantata dal Signor Santley.</i> Price 3s.</p> <p>Deh! van - ne in un chiosco, O fe - lia in - fe - li - ce!</p> <p>No. 15 ter. La Stessa (per Tenoro). <i>Cantata dalla Signora Nilsson.</i> Price 3s.</p> <p>ATTO IV.</p> <p>No. 18. Scena ed Aria. <i>Cantata dalla Signora Nilsson.</i> Price 7s. 6d.</p> <p>Ai vos - tri gioc - chi anch'io prender par - te vor - re - i,</p> <p>No. 18 bis. Ballata estratta (per Soprano). <i>Cantata dalla Signora Nilsson.</i> Price 4s.</p> <p>Bianca e bion - da Dorme in sen dell' on - da,</p> <p>No. 18 ter. La Stessa (per Mezzo Soprano). <i>Cantata dalla Signora Nilsson.</i> Price 4s.</p> <p>No. 18 quat. La Stessa, Ridotta, Senza Vocalise. <i>Cantata dalla Signora Nilsson.</i> Price 2s.</p> <p>Pour Piano solo.</p> <p>No. 19. Valzo d'Ofelia. <i>Cantato dal Signor Santley.</i> Price 4s.</p> <p>No. 19 bis. Valzo cantato, per Sop. { (Vi voglio off -) 4s.</p> <p>No. 19 ter. Lo Stesso, per Mezzo Sop. { (rir dei flor.)</p> <p>ATTO V.</p> <p>No. 22. Arioso. <i>Cantato dal Signor Santley.</i> Price 3s.</p> <p>Come il ro - mi - to flor Che s'apre ac - can - to al - le tom - be,</p> <p>No. 23 bis. Lo Stesso (per Tenoro). <i>Cantato dal Signor Santley.</i> Price 3s.</p>
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